NIGHT THE FOURTH.

A Much-indebted muse, O Yorke! intrudes:
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sovereign cure.
Why start at death? Where is he? death arrived
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow:
The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.